

My Mother's Bible

By **George Pope Morris**

THIS book is all that 's left me now!

Tears will unbidden start, –

With faltering lip and throbbing brow

I press it to my heart.

For many generations past, 5

Here is our family tree;

My mother's hands this Bible clasped,

She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those

Whose names these records bear; 10

Who round the hearth-stone used to close

After the evening prayer,

And speak of what these pages said,

In tones my heart would thrill!

Though they are with the silent dead, 15

Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book

To brothers, sisters dear;

How calm was my poor mother's look

Who leaned God's word to hear! 20

Her angel face – I see it yet!

What vivid memories come!

Again that little group is met

Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew, 25

Thy constancy I 've tried;

Where all were false I found thee true,

My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasures give

That could this volume buy: 30

In teaching me the way to live,

It taught me how to die.